

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

Volume XIV.

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Prologue to "The Recognition."

[The following is the Prologue to the play, "The Recognition," which will be given next Saturday evening by the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, at their 23d Annual Entertainment. The Prologue will be delivered, we are informed, by Master C. F. Reitz:]

Our play, "The Recognition," has been laid
In olden times, when men fought blade to blade;
They wore strong armor, cast in shining steel,
Protecting all the form from head to heel,
With breast-plate, gauntlets, and strong coat of mail,
Visor and helmet plumed with feathers pale;
In fact, so different were the customs then,
They must have seemed another race of men.
Or, may be not. No matter! In our play
We find a Duke, whose son was killed one day;
And by that death, the Duke's estate will go
To fill the coffers of his deadly foe,
Macerata's Prince. This adds to his great grief;
"How can I," cries he, "hide this from the chief?"

We mark now wherefore he would fain avoid
To let him know his son's life was destroyed;
How, later, he was tempted to decoy,
To kidnap, and to claim another boy,
Antonio by name. His face is fair,
And strong resemblance to the dead doth bear.
He meets the Duke in an unguarded hour,
The young Antonio falls within his power.
Time rolls away. The duke, to seal his plot,
Tells the poor youth his father, loved, lives not.

As Julio known, heir to his large estates,
The stolen boy in ducal castle waits;
Meanwhile the injured father joins the fight,
Defending 'gainst Duke Macerata's right.

The Prince at last is slain. Now in command,
Antonio's father rules Macerata's band.
The boy, the Duke's hope, is a prisoner made,
His jailors little dreaming that, betrayed
By the fierce Duke, the slender, gentle youth
Is their commander's son in very truth.

The injured father, sure that fettered fast
He holds the foeman's only son at last,
Bids him retire, or else he will destroy
The prisoner's life, that of the gentle boy.

The Duke heeds not, but presses in hot haste
Before the thread of his dark plot be traced;
Before the father shall have met the son,
Determined his bold purpose shall be won.

The youthful prisoner summoned, stands amazed,
Has his dear father from the dead been raised?
They recognize each other, they embrace
Just as the baffled Duke has reached the place
To meet his death-blow, for the truth is known.

Antonio, now an heir to ducal throne,
Restored to friends and home, thanks from his heart
The Blessed Virgin that she took his part.

The Divorce of Intellectual from Moral Training, an Evil.

This world is a curriculum wherein each man must run his race. The weak, the strong, the young, the old, the rich, the poor—all take part in this race and march on with rapid strides towards the goal, where they must halt forever. Amongst the participants in this contest are found great dissensions, great turmoils, matured plans and schemes, by which each one endeavors to defeat the other. Fairness is almost an abstraction in the contest; duplicity, a reality. In our country, the latter is daily becoming more and more prevalent among the masses, while morals in general are away below par. Let us find, if we can, the cause of this state of affairs. Some say that it is the wealth of our people; others, that it is owing to the mixture of so many nationalities; while many go as far as to assert that it arises from a certain looseness of character common to the Americans, while many more plainly tell us that all these things combined have aided in the development of this immoral tendency. Without denying the partial truth of each assertion, we think that he is the shrewdest observer—if it takes an observer to see it—who declares that the *mode of educating* the masses has chiefly led to this sad result. He who has studied the matter, not for the purpose of being recognized as a genius, but for the object of simple truth, necessarily beholds beneath this decay of morality, a deeper principle—one which, though probably like the unseen growth of a strengthening tree, is diffusing its influences throughout all grades of society; one which, to say the least, is beginning to press down upon the people of this country, and weaken the hopes of the nation. Such is the mode of public instruction now

adopted in this great Republic. To it, we think, can be traced a very fair percentage of the evils now so common. What is this public education doing? They say that it is drawing out and developing the faculties of the mind to grasp knowledge; this is surely the object, whether it be attained or not; no one can deny this, no matter how skeptical he may be. Without any conjecture as to the realization of the end in view, it may be asked is the method adopted adequate to direct us safely amid the tangled bypaths leading to this hidden treasure? This is a disputed subject. Herein lies the point of controversy; this, to use a common expression, is the bone of contention between Church and State—one demanding, and as yet in vain, the union of intellectual and moral training; the other advocating purely intellectual endowments. Both, certainly, cannot be true, though the object of one system, as well as the other, may be the same—in fact, we may say is the same—inasmuch as the end of all training is to turn out good and educated citizens. Certainly, the State is not infallible—those who raise it above heaven itself do not admit this. The State certainly demands our gratitude; and, as a rule, Catholics manifest it, even by sacrificing their lives for its preservation, and their history testifies that Catholicity has been its strongest arm. The Church is infallible, however, in matters that pertain to faith and morals at least; her dictum is truth itself; and millions of people, without a dissenting voice, recognize this. The argument of prescription is also not worth a little in this matter. When states were in their infancy, she directed and guided them, thus manifesting her motherly tenderness and unfailing knowledge. When Europe was plunged in the darkest barbarism, it was her resplendent presence that shone out amid the gloom and warmed it into life, into prosperity, into happiness. Macauley himself acknowledges this. He states, with a prejudiced mind, that the Catholic Church is the most perfect of human—instead of divine—institutions; and, furthermore, that it was owing to her influence that order out of chaos sprang. This external testimony, and many others, unnecessary to be mentioned, added to her many and indisputable marks of superiority over other creeds, plainly show that she is what she claims to be—the deposit of truth. In fact, history itself, no matter into how many antagonistical shapes it can be twisted, cannot injure her a particle. Instead of history giving testimony of her, it is her duty to give testimony of history. The Church, then, states that modern education is antagonistic to faith and morals—to faith, because matters taught either directly or indirectly go to destroy it; to morals, because where religious instruction is neglected all the virtues that go to make up a Christian must lose their lustre, if not completely die. Hence in this matter she must be true—her word must be obeyed.

Experience shows that education is bad, deprived of the aids of religion. We could not go as far as Rousseau and state that education is evil *per se*. Not at all. The various kinds of poison and combustibles that now and then cause such a loss of life—gunpowder, military engines—all classes of warlike instruments are not bad in themselves. By no means! On the contrary, they are oftentimes beneficial. Because a thing happens to be abused, that does not prove that it is bad. Because some one "found guilty of insanity" shoots a neighbor, that does not show that pistols are harmful in themselves. In like manner we may look at education. In itself, it is good—a great treas-

ure. When rightly imparted, it makes a man more and more resemble his prototype—Adam—who was even wiser than Solomon himself, though the ablest atheists try to show the contrary. And by way of parenthesis, it may be worthy of consideration here to make a few remarks upon the difference between Catholic and Protestant teaching with regard to our last assertions. The doctrine of Protestants is that we are in a progressive world, not only as to the development of the intellect but even, as some say, as to the development of the body. They say that the faculties of the soul are becoming broader and broader as ages roll on. The doctrine of the Catholics is almost the reverse. Her doctors hold that if there be progression in various departments, the retrogression in others more than nullifies that advancement. Dr. Blair, whose rhetoric is the recognized text-book in the chief educational institutions of the country, lays down that imperfections may be considered to come first in the order of words that make up speech; and of course this is not alone his opinion, but that of a thousand others of like stamp. He may, of course, have believed this, but the Catholic scholar immediately sees the falsity of such a statement. He instantly recognizes in such a proposition a tendency towards the belief in early barbarity—if not extending down to primitive "freedom" or "apedom." And in this train all the great so-called reformers of the age sing of progress, progress. It would seem, however, that time itself is a strong weapon in the hands of the Catholic student. It alone is able to pronounce a correct judgment upon the merits and demerits of man's labors. In fact, many critics of all classes say, without probably knowing that they are advancing the cause we advocate, that retrogression instead of progression has been constantly going on. It would, of course, be senseless to say that late centuries have not produced men of genius; all must admit that. We are great admirers of them ourselves. But while this is true, it is equally true that men of primitive periods seem to have been endowed with great gifts. The painting, sculpture, architecture, and music of by-gone-days have no equal in our times. In fact, we can scarcely find a respectable imitation; while the logic, oratory and poetry of far-away times stand away in advance of modern efforts. Theirs are the models, while ours are very poor copies. The painting of Zenxis, the sculpture of Phidias, the architecture of Angelo, the mechanical skill of Archimedes, the poetry of Virgil, Horace and Homer are regarded by all to stand forth as living representatives of the highest conceptions of the human mind. Scholars, of course, who are progressive enthusiasts, try to explain this degeneracy of matters by many conjectures, but their efforts seem useless. Their labor, though begun as a work of pleasure, closes with an exclamation of sadness and sorrow.

Hence we conclude that the materialism of our day has limited genius to models earthly and of the earth, and consequently its productions are never destined to share immortality in the minds of future generations. Of course it cannot be said that the pagans were materialists, strictly called, as some may foolishly think. They were thus wise in the sense that their children of the brain were beings like themselves, but of greater power and majesty; but not in so far that they entirely despised unseen agents, always acting, assisting or defeating man in his operations. In our times, not so. We are what we are—clay; and it is beginning to be a matter of practice, if not of speculation, to many to doubt whether anything exists beyond this

mundane sphere; at best, all things are mere negations. This is clearly seen by the actions of men who utterly ignore truth, honesty and honor for the sake of a paltry dollar. This, undoubtedly, must be ascribed to the mode of education. Even shrewd Protestants see this; and a few of them contend that ignorance is bliss, while education is misery. This assertion is indeed partly true, as manifested in many a concrete shape. It seems better to us to be an ignorant rogue than a clever thief. And inasmuch as the so-called education in the present state of society is opening up, day by day, a wide field wherein to carry on a nefarious business, ignorance ought certainly to be preferred.

The majority of public criminals nowadays are educated men, and surely the majority of private criminals are the same class. And this fact alone goes far to discourage education *in toto*, if not to condemn it, unless guided and directed by influences that can command it and keep it under subjection—the principle of which is, undoubtedly, religious instruction. We know the fate of the fabled Icarus. Soaring aloft with waxen wings, and basking in the pure sunlight of heaven, he fell because he had despised his father's warning, and had wandered away from the paternal cares. In some such position is modern education. It wishes to rise and soar with feathery wings and dive into the hidden thoughts of the Omnipotent; and hence into what terrible blunders it has fallen. And, strange to say, nations, as well as individuals, do not recollect this fact—a respectable portion of Frenchmen do not. The substance of their assertions are: "Down with religion—away with God, if possible. Set us up, as of yore, a common harlot as a goddess of liberty, and kneel down and adore her!" Certain it is there cannot be any divorce of education from morality; they are almost mutually dependant, just as close as the towering tree and its many tapering branches. Education is not education when morality is excluded, though morality is morality aside from education; in fact, morality is the primary element of education; without it the structure must be temporary. Divine Wisdom has said: "Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain who build it."

Morality excluded, the foundation of education rests on the drifting sand; and when winds come, rains fall, and snows melt, it must tumble with the rapidity of an airy castle. This system of public education has given birth to the greatest absurdities of our age. Hundreds of the many creeds that now exist in the United States have had their origin in some windbag—who was brought up under these or similar influences. Were not religious training completely ostracized from the school-room, we should have no ranting spiritualists—no Salt Lake harems; no salvation armies to add an extra bawl to the din and noise of our busy thoroughfares, whose piety—if its members could lay claim to any—is far more pharisaical than the pharisees, and whose ideas of a Christian life are almost as lofty as were the young lady's who, when beholding Niagara Falls, exclaimed with emotion: "How pretty!" The State cannot exist without some sort of religion. Equity, justice and honesty, all depend upon it; take them away, and you take it.

Hence the necessity, inasmuch as it advances the cause of the State, of preserving, fostering and encouraging religious training, if not purely Christian, at least partly. To know God, and do Him homage, is the first duty of the creature. Hence the madness of placing intellectual pre-

ferments in the foreground, and leaving religion out in the cold, as a thing good enough in its own way. It is very common nowadays to hear people remark: "Religion is good enough as far as it goes." What a statement! How far does it go, pray? Does anything go as far? It not merely gives us happiness and peace here, but it is a foretaste of that happiness and peace to come. But youth is the time for receiving impressions; it is then that hearts are as pliable as wax, ready to receive any shape that may point out their future destiny, be it good or evil. All men acknowledge this; and hence the all-absorbing topic of the day—how to educate. It is the question of questions; men of every profession give it their consideration. To Catholics throughout the length and breadth of the land, who are burthened to support their own schools, and those of others, the most consoling thought is this: that God cannot but recompense such generosity—a noble generosity, made manifest by procuring them the honor of countless souls, who are growing up beneath Catholic influences and Catholic training.

P. J. M.

The Kind of History and Theology Taught in the Brooklyn High School.

We have received from John O'Kane Murray, M. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y., author of "A Popular History of the United States," etc., a letter inclosing a printed communication clipped from a daily paper of that city. Dr. Murray informs us that although the communication created quite a stir in the High School no one attempted to answer it. He concludes the letter by saying that "the charges made can be supported by affidavit."

A THEOLOGICAL TWIST.

ALLEGED TO BE GIVEN TO THE STUDY OF HISTORY IN THE HIGH SCHOOL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Brooklyn Eagle*:

I have little leisure, and less inclination for the discussion of matters that call for printed publicity, but really there are occasions when silence ceases to be commendable. It seems highly proper to direct the attention of thoughtful parents, the Board of Education and our intelligent citizens in general to the reprehensible manner in which history is taught at the Central Grammar School.

Some days ago a friend of mine, a Catholic gentleman, asked me to look over his daughter's note book on history. The young lady is a student at the Central Grammar School of this city. I was informed that the principal, Dr. Leighton, is giving a course of lectures on history, and that he has recently been dealing with the Protestant Reformation.

"Please read that," said my friend, pointing to a particular passage, and tell me what you think of it." I glanced over the item, which ran thus, word for word: When Leo X came to the Papal chair he found the treasury of the Church exhausted, and carried on the sale of Indulgences to an extensive degree. Martin Luther exclaimed against this traffic. His arguments were printed, and he was excommunicated."

These sentences, I am assured, express exactly what the principal said, as they were slowly dictated, and formed the text of a lecture. Now, I would not willingly hurt the feelings of any sincere man; but it is impossible to suppress an honest indignation on learning that such lying impressions, such deliberate calumnies are given to students, and above all to Catholic students, as facts of history.

If the principal of the Central Grammar School be a Doctor of Philosophy, he cannot claim the benefit of invincible ignorance, and knows, or should know: First, That from its very nature an Indulgence can neither be gained nor purchased by

money. Second, That neither Pope Leo X, nor any other Pope, ever sold Indulgences, or sanctioned such sale. Third, That no true Catholic ever dreamed of making cash bargains of Indulgences, as the whole wealth of Vanderbilt could not of itself enable anyone to gain even the smallest partial indulgence. Does Dr. Leighton know of a single Catholic who ever bought an Indulgence? Did he ever meet a Catholic who believed in such nonsense? But this reckless assertion about the sale of Indulgences is almost too ridiculous to notice, were it not a base fiction—a worn out falsehood. A study of the Bull of Pope Leo X, and of some Catholic work on Indulgences, would add materially to the knowledge and qualifications of the principal of Central Grammar School as a moral educator. It would help him to tell the truth, and truth is something very valuable to the students of history.

Nor is this all. I regret there is still another cause of complaint. I am told that the marriage of Luther to the ex-nun Catharine Von Bora was made a matter of class room talk, and even laughter, between the pupils and one of the lady teachers, after Dr. Leighton's lecture, in which he referred to that delicious morsel of history. The sale of Indulgences was also turned over once more, and the lady, previously mentioned, smiled her blandest smile when referring to it. Surely all this was very offensive to the Catholic students present; and it is only another proof that the so-called Reformation is still the great historical *pons asinorum*.

But, in conclusion, may it not be asked with serious astonishment: Is it possible, in the last quarter of this progressive Nineteenth Century, at the Central Grammar School of the cultivated City of Brooklyn, an institution, be it noted, whose object is to give the "finishing touch" to the graduates of our public schools, and in which, it is assumed, religious instruction is conspicuous, only by its absence, that the principal, who is said to be a Doctor of Philosophy, and whose salary is drawn, in part, from the taxes paid by Catholic property owners, is allowed, in his official capacity, to distort history, teach fiction and falsehood, insult his Catholic pupils, calumniate their religion, and drag in the scandals of history in order to spice his prosy lectures with a little sensation? Is this bigotry, or fanaticism, or ignorance, or insanity, or what is it? Assuredly, it is not education. And who is responsible? It must in truth be confessed, the whole subject is one not easy to approach with a quiet temper of mind.

JOHN O'KANE MURRAY, M. D.

719 Herkimer St. BROOKLYN, L. I., Nov. 22, 1880.

Art, Music and Literature.

—Mr. Hugo Leonhard, Boston's great pianist, is dead.

—A statue is to be erected to Alexandre Dumus in the Place Malesherbes, Paris.

—The second volume of Taine's "History of the French Revolution" is almost ready.

—Offenbach's last work, "*La Belle Lurette*," is, according to the *London News*, the best of his later works.

—The price paid by Lord Hastings for the Rubens which he bought from Viscount Aylesford was \$110,000.

—Mr. Thurlow Weed is the oldest journalist in this city. He celebrated his 83d birthday on Nov. 15th.

—One of the most admired pictures at the Russian Academy this year was one by the painter Yacobi, entitled an "Ice-House."

—Dr. Wilhelm Bode has been appointed Director of the Gallery of Mediæval and Renaissance Sculpture at the Berlin Museum.

—Father Didon, the noted Dominican, is employing his enforced leisure in Corsica by writing a book which will be called "Le Christ."

—A new edition of the poems of Rev. A. J. Ryan, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Mobile, Alabama, has been published by Mr. John B. Piet.

—The *London Echo* expresses the hope that when Mr. Walt Whitman gives his estimate of the leading English poets to a London magazine he will give it in prose.

—The President of the French Republic has given 500 francs toward the subscription for the erection of a statue to Rouget de L'Isle, the author of "*La Marseillaise*."

—A project is on foot for the erection of a meteorological station on Ben Nevis, as a public acknowledgment of the services of Mr. David Hutcheson to the Highlands.

—The bi-centenary of the Comédie-Française has been celebrated by the publication of Arsène Houssaye's splen-

did book on Molière, a sumptuous volume and one of great literary merit.

—Prof. Aspelin has made some remarkable discoveries during the past summer in his investigation of ancient barrows in Lapland. A vast number of bronze implements have been brought to light.

—"Boston," says an exchange, "is soon to hear the 'Frog Opera.'" Boston is surely behind the musical age. Why every summer's evening for the past five years the "Frog Opera" has been given on the banks of the St. Joseph's and St. Mary's Lakes.

—The title of Gustave Flaubert's novel, which will be published posthumously in January, is "*Bouvard et Pecuchet*." This last work, which is philosophical in tone, was many years on his writing-table, and death alone stayed the hand of revision. The Paris publisher who obtained the manuscript

—A. S. Barnes & Co. have just issued No. 14 of the Atlas Series, entitled "*The Practical Work of Painting*," containing Art Essays, with portrait of Rubens after Flaming, and a chapter on Etching, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, author of "*The Intellectual Life*" and editor of the *Portfolio*, 8 vols., paper covers, illustrated; price, post-paid, 60 cents.

—San Francisco, at least a part of it, is having a virtuous fit over a nude painting which is in the art exhibit at the Mechanics' Fair. The teachers of the Oakland schools, who were to visit the galleries with their pupils, requested that the work be veiled during their passage. A vote which was taken among the visitors on a Saturday afternoon as to whether the painting should be removed or not, resulted against the idea of removal.

—Mr. N. Woods, a Dublin man, who shares with Dr. W. H. Russell the honor of being the pioneer of the tribe of special war correspondents, has just died suddenly of apoplexy in London. He represented the *Morning Herald* (since converted into the *Standard*) in the Crimea, and was the only English correspondent present at the battle of Inkerman. His graphic description of the events of that fearful night attack has never been surpassed. *Irish-American*.

—Moore, in his essay on the music of Ireland, says: "It has often been remarked, and oftener felt, that our music is the truest of all comments upon our history. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency (a burst of turbulence dying away into softness), the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next, and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament to shake off or forget the wrongs which lie upon it. Such are the features of our history and character, which we find strongly and faithfully reflected in our music; and there are many airs which I think it is difficult to listen to, without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems peculiarly applicable. The plaintive melodies of Carolan take us back to the times in which he lived, when our poor countrymen were driven to worship their God in caves, or to quit forever the land of their birth (like the bird that abandons the nest which human touch has violated); and in many a song do we hear the last farewell of the exile mingling regrets for the ties he leaves at home."

Exchanges.

—*The Chimes*, an illustrated weekly for boys and girls, which was started in Baltimore a year ago under the management of Mr. Wentworth, has, we are told, received encouragement from all quarters, and under these prosperous auspices will be enlarged and otherwise improved with the beginning of the second volume.

—Turning over a large pile of college exchanges this week we came upon a copy of *Rouge et Noir*, from Trinity College, Toronto, and *The Knox Student*, of Knox College, Illinois. Both are well-edited papers, seemingly, and the *Student* is, furthermore, very neat both in make-up and typographical appearance. Neither of these papers are on our exchange list (a mistake, probably), but if the edi-

ors are still willing we will at once rectify the mistake. We were not aware hitherto that they had wished to exchange with the SCHOLASTIC.

—We see by a card in *The Catholic Columbian*, of Columbus, Ohio, that Rev. D. A. Clarke ('70) has been relieved from the business cares of the paper in order that he may devote himself more assiduously to the editorial department. What with business matters, his theological studies in past years, and his duties of the priesthood since his ordination, Rev. Father Clarke has nevertheless succeeded in writing up and compiling an interesting paper. Now, that he has been relieved of the former, we have no doubt the *Columbian* will be doubly interesting. We wish Father Clarke's paper the prosperity it so well deserves.

—*The Otterbein Record* is the title of a new monthly paper at Otterbein University, Ohio. It is under the editorial management of the Rev. J. S. Miles, assisted by a corps of associate editors. The first paper of the number before us (the third) is by Pres. H. A. Thompson, D. D.; the second, on "Classical Study," by S. A. Weller, A. M.; the third, "Progress in Higher Education," by J. F. Smith, A. B. "Three Wishes," an acrostic, by Rev. Jno. V. Potts, is replete with excellent sentiments; the first stanza limps not a little, we think, but the second is so good that we clip it for our readers:

"Untrue to God and man I'd surely be
Not to desire in knowledge to be free;
Indulging hope I struggle bravely on;
Vague thoughts of failure coming but anon.
Each image I have cherished in the soul,
Regarding them the power of earth control.
Show me where WISDOM, GOODNESS, WEALTH unite
In battling manfully for truth and right;
Then I will show you where the world is blest—
Yes, where the gracious smiles of heaven rest."

—As we remarked last week, our time was so much taken up with the antics of *The Varsity* that we had little of it for anything else. We were in a joking humor, and were determined to have it out with him,—and, all joking aside, there was a principle at stake: the editor of *The Varsity*, pretending to know more than anyone else, wished to dictate their course for the editors of the SCHOLASTIC, and as we thought we understood our own business best, and could manage it without his interference, we concluded to show him some of our foibles and direct his attention to matters at home that needed looking after. Now that we have done with him, we turn to a more serious and, in certain respects, a not less painful task. We cannot help it. The work is forced upon us in such a way by the gentlemanly exchange editor *The College Courier* that there is no getting away from it, and we do not intend to shirk our duty in the matter, however much we might wish to do so. In the last number of his paper we find the following:

Among our Catholic exchanges the most noteworthy are *The Notre Dame Scholastic* and the *Niagara Index*. These papers differ in many important respects. The latter, while characterized by ability, often manifests a lack of judgment and courtesy. The former is wholly free from blemishes and shows equal or greater ability. We confess, however, that we seldom read the *Scholastic* without being reminded of a perfumed and richly adorned corpse. We may be wrong, but we often suspect that the *Scholastic* is mainly controlled by the Faculty at Notre Dame. It displays, we think, too much erudition and too little vivacity to be wholly the work of college students.

The *Scholastic* is naturally very sensitive in points affecting the doctrines or history of the Roman Church. In a recent issue after indulging in some complimentary remarks on the *Courier*—for which we bow our acknowledgments—it proceeded to review an article on "The Monastery," which appeared in our September number. The *Scholastic* is unable to conceive how Catholicism could be "one of the great factors in civilization" and at the same time be "at variance with the great principles of Christianity." But surely these two statements are not necessarily inconsistent. Who doubts that the religion of Apollo was instrumental in promoting a higher civilization among the Greeks? Did not the religion of Mohammed redeem the Arabian deserts from barbarism, and make them for a time the focus, almost, of the world's civilization? Who can estimate the influence of the faith of Buddha on the morals and manners of his followers? Yet each of these religious creeds, which mark eras in the history of civilization, was "at variance with the great principles of Christianity." Says the *Scholastic*:

"The militant Church that alone and unaided reared the mighty structure of Christianity, despite the attempts of tyrants and traitors, can never falsify her mission, can never be at variance with herself."

Christianity, then, is the creature of the Catholic Church; and since the architect is distinct from his building, "The Church" must have existed previously to and now exists independently of the religion of Christ? A modest assumption, truly; but what system could be more "at variance" than the politico-spiritual edifice

of Rome, and the pure unwordly Faith of Christ and the Apostles?

The "militant Church," as we read history, acquired political supremacy by perverting the truths of Christianity, and by incorporating into her system some of the distinctive features of Paganism. She "reared the mighty structure" of her vast political empire, not "despite the attempts of tyrants and traitors," but *with* their aid. Through all her history she has been, as policy dictated, the sovereign mistress or the fawning parasite of royalty. It is true that when kings opposed her ambitious schemes she sought to enlist the sympathies of the people; it is equally true that when the people grew restless under their heavy yoke, tyranny and the papacy made common cause. Treachery, assassination and massacre became sacred when used to advance her ends. She cherished learning while she could make it subject to herself; but when men of letters asserted their freedom she anathematized them. While the people were struggling for civil and religious liberty the Catholic Church was their constant and most relentless foe. She sought to perpetuate her power by suppressing free thought and by keeping the masses in ignorance. In direct proportion to the diffusion of intelligence has been the decline of Catholicism. These we submit as plain facts of history, and if it is true that the "militant Church can never be at variance with herself," so much the worse for her claims to-day; for certainly no religious system could be more at variance with the teachings of Him whose "Kingdom is not of this world." It is indeed true that Catholicism opposes the various sceptical and materialistic philosophies of the present day; yet these same philosophies owe their influence, we believe, mainly to the necessary reaction of the human mind from the absurd and monstrous tenets and practices of the Church of Rome.

Thanking our esteemed *confrère* for his high compliment in saying our paper is "wholly free from blemishes," we are at first somewhat at a loss to know whether he refers to our paper or our Church when he says the SCHOLASTIC reminds him of "a perfumed and richly adorned corpse." Not the former, we believe, for he gives its editors credit for ability and erudition. So it must be the Church to which he alludes. Before going farther, we might as well say, right here, to satisfy his expressed doubt, that the SCHOLASTIC is not edited either wholly or in part by the Faculty of the University. They started the paper for us, and allow us to publish whatever we think proper, —venturing a criticism sometimes, it is true, but never revising our articles before publication, or otherwise tampering with us in the reasonably free conduct of the paper. We are not, and never have been, a member of the Faculty ourselves, and although we have been twitted with being a Jesuit, an ecclesiastic, and a theologian, by some of our contemporaries, we are neither the one nor the other. We have never been in a theology class higher than that of the Little Catechism, which every Catholic boy is supposed to attend, and therefore when we as a layman propose to answer in a friendly and social way the allegations of our contemporary of the *Courier* we intend to do so only on such general principles as our limited space, time, and our secular position will decorously permit. We confess that we are rather sensitive on points affecting the doctrines and history of our Church, but this is only natural when the fact is taken into account that the Church is continually assailed on these points,—and frequently in a not very gentlemanly or truthful way. In this respect, our friend of the *Courier* has so far proved an honorable exception, and from what we have seen we are led to infer that he would not be otherwise, or we could not for a moment think of entering into a discussion with him. To our objection to the remark in the *Courier*, that we were unable to conceive how Catholicism could be "one of the great factors in civilization" and at the same time "at variance with the great principles of Christianity," he avers that these statements are not necessarily inconsistent, because "the religion of Apollo was instrumental in promoting a higher civilization among the Greeks," and that of Mohammed redeemed the Arabian deserts from barbarism, etc., and this, while the religion of Apollo and Mohammed were at variance with Christianity. Now we unhesitatingly assert that the religion of Apollo was *not* instrumental in promoting a higher civilization among the Greeks, and that the religion of Mohammed *did not* redeem the Arabian deserts from barbarism. Those deserts are barbarous to this day, and most outrageously barbarous, too, as a gentleman here who has travelled them is prepared to testify. The "Trip to Jerusalem," published in the SCHOLASTIC last year, gives proof of this, and any amount of testimony can be had from the same eye-witness to corroborate it. If the exchange editor of the *Courier* will but glance over the two volumes of the learned De Saulcy, of the French Institute, who also travelled those deserts, he will have more than testimony enough to convince him that the barbarism there is but a trifle short of

that of our American Indians. No: the Mohammedan religion was, and is, a barbarous religion, a religion of fire and sword and plunder, of murder and impurity, and could not therefore be a factor in civilization of any sort. If the Moors, who professed it, possessed any civilization, it was not because of it, but in spite of it. So also with the religion of Apollo. It was a religion without moral law, and therefore of itself could have no tendency to civilize those who professed it. If, on the other hand, the pagan religion of Apollo was not barbarous, where is the civilization introduced by Christianity? If by "civilization" the editor of the *Courier* means material progress in literature and the arts and sciences, then the world might in a measure be said to have retrograded in civilization since the advent of Christianity, as the literature of pagan Greece and Rome is still, to our shame be it said, the model adopted in most of our great universities and by the larger number of the scholars of Christendom. As to the arts and sciences in pagan times, the researches of day after day tend but to confirm the assertion made by some that "there is nothing new under the sun," that many of our wonderful "discoveries" were known centuries ago, and had fallen into oblivion. When Christianity first entered Rome in the persons of the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, that city, the mistress of the civilized world, could vie in architectural massiveness and beauty with any that now exists, nay, would put the latter to shame. Rome was the receptacle of treasures in art and science that accumulated from the conquered and plundered nations of the world. When pagan Rome expelled the last of her kings, and Horatius, the Consul, dedicated Jupiter's temple on the Capitoline Hill, he might have taken in at a glance around him the whole Roman territory; when St. Peter entered the city, it was at the pinnacle of earthly magnificence and splendor, and the Romans were spread for fifty miles around the Capitol—through the fourteen wards of the city, and outside the walls, and far away through the gay and magnificent suburbs that reached off to the hills on one side and almost down to the sea on the other. We are told that the city was almost an interminable and bewildering forest of monuments that displayed every variety of excellence that had been reached by the skill and art of Romans, Etruscans, Egyptians and Greeks. There was the grand Forum of Augustus, with a whole museum of statues gathered to decorate one or two porticoes. There was the Theatre of Pompey, where 80,000 people were seated, in front of them a scene decorated with three ranges of pillars, 120 in each, rising in resplendent contrast one above the other—the first range of marble, the second of curiously-wrought glass, the upper range adorned with tablets of gold, while crowded between and among the pillars 3,000 statues of bronze seemed to people the triple colonnade. There was the Circus Maximus, around the whole bottom of the valley that spreads across from the Aventine to the foot of the Palatine, and far away towards the banks of the Tiber—seating, tier above tier, 260,000 spectators in its elliptical arena. There was the Triumphal Arch of Augustus, towering high overhead—on which every conceivable outlay of wealth and skill seem to have been made to place the conqueror's chariot and war-horses in gleaming metal on the summit, and bring out on the frontispiece and the sides, in high relief, the pompous procession that celebrated his feats of arms. There were innumerable temples, palaces, parks and gardens, and thickly piled monuments of art, and skill, and beauty. This is the Rome of the pagan Augustan era, when literature was at its highest pitch of perfection. Is this what our *confrère* of the *Courier* would call civilization? If so, and anything be wanting to convince him that the pagans had attained the pinnacle of perfection in it, he need but recall the Doric Parthenon of Greece; the elegant Ionic masterpieces that basked in the soft sunshine of her colonies in Asia Minor; the glorious Corinthian monuments spread everywhere in profusion; the architectural works of Greece, in the purest and grandest style of art that can be conceived by the human mind; her wonders of sculpture in marble, bronze, ivory, and gold, breathing forth the grandeur of intellect of Phidias, the companion and compeer of Plato, Socrates, Miltiades, Themistocles, Xenophon—statesmen, warriors, philosophers, poets of the highest rank; the paintings of Zeuxis, Apelles, Parrhasius, where the inanimate material seemed

almost instinct with the power of passion and feeling infused into it; he need but recall Greece, with her statues 60 ft. high, like the Olympian Jove; her colossal figures of great beauty, like the Rhodian Apollo, 105 ft. high; Greece, with her hippic groups of Praxiteles and Lysippus (now at St. Mark's in Venice); her Laocoon, her Dying Gladiator, her Quirinal Horse and Attendant; her Samian monuments, her Delphos, etc. Does our friend call this civilization? If so he has not *studied* history; if so, then there were no need of Christianity; if so, then *we* are but a partly civilized people. But with all this refinement of art, Greece and Rome were *not* civilized, in the proper sense of the term; and the religion of Apollo, which was a religion of child-murder, of incest, of ungovernable lust, of voluptuousness and epicureanism—a religion which deified infamy by coupling infamous practices with its deities—a religion which reduced woman, even in the highest grades of life, to a level with the brute—such a religion never could be instrumental in promoting a higher degree of civilization among either Greeks or Romans, the assertion of our contemporary to the contrary. He should read what Seneca, Livy and Xiphilinus have recorded of the gladiatorial contests, and which Tertullian, Tatian, Athenagoras and Lactantius have but too sadly confirmed, that when the human victims were torn and cut by the ferocious brutes in the arena, they were dragged by the young athletes into the spoliarium, and there those wretched apprentices practiced their barbarous craft on the still living victims; that "the warm blood of the gladiators was handed round the amphitheatre and drunk by the spectators," as Tertullian, an eye-witness, records; that game was relished that had been fattened on human blood, like Vedio Pollio's famous lampreys, fed on the blood of slaves murdered for the purpose; that female slaves were often employed in grinding the corn, with yokes on their necks, lest the poor wretches should eat the meal! And this in the same Rome in the Augustan age whose material enlightenment, or Apollonian "civilization," we have glanced at above! In Lydia, Assyria, Babylon and Egypt gigantic tombs and palaces and pyramids were built by slaves—sometimes, too, by female slaves, as the learned Dr. Manahan informs us—and this under the same pagan civilization. How could a religion without a shred of moral law—the religion that deified a drunken Bacchus, the adulterous Jupiter, the prostitute Venus, Juno the murderess, and so many other *deities* of like ilk, aid in civilizing any people? If they possessed any civilization, was it not in spite of such religion? And yet this was the state of the pagan world when the Galilean fisherman entered Rome, and, greatest of miracles, converted it in the name of Him whose vicegerent he was, converted it to the religion of a Divine Person born of an humble Virgin, that peer of womanhood, the rehabilitator of her sex, whom Oliver Wendell Holmes calls, in words no Catholic would dare to use,

"— more divine than human,"

and Wordsworth,

"Our tainted nature's solitary boast";—

a religion that forbids violence and murder, that commands chastity, obedience, self-denial, forgiveness of injuries, and love for those that hate us! This is the Catholic religion—the religion that ousted paganism from Rome, that civilized the world, "despite the attempts of tyrants, and traitors,"—despite Nero and Domitian and Trajan in the first, and Septimus Severus in the third century; traitors like Elxai, Saturninus, Basilides, Carpocrates, Valentinus Marcion, Tatian and Montanus, in the second century; the Novatians, the Sabellians, the Manichæans, and Hieracites, in the third; the Donatists, the Arians, the Apollinarists, Massalians, and Priscillianists, in the fourth century; the Pelagians, Nestorians, and Eutychians, in the fifth century; and so on down to the Lutherans, Episcopalians, and Calvinists in the fifteenth, and so many others in our own day—each in turn claiming to be the religion of Christ, but none of whom can lay the least claim to Apostolic succession. This can the One, Holy, Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church alone claim, and prove, with her list of popes, or "Fathers," extending in a direct line from Peter to Leo XIII, numbering in all, 263. Let those outside her pale look well to it that their ignorance of her dogmas be not *wilful*, or their information regarding

her be *not from her enemies alone*, or they will lose their souls; for ignorance that is not wilful, and the ardent desire of truth, with the will to embrace it, can alone excuse them. This much proved—namely that the Catholic Church is the Apostolic Church, the Church established by Christ upon the Rock, *Cephas* or *Petrus*, all that is requisite to her purity and sanctity follows as a matter of course. It is useless for men to argue, as does our contemporary of the *Courier*, that the Church “acquired political supremacy by perverting the truths of Christianity”: this would be making of Christ a liar, who said: “*And I say to thee, thou art Peter, [the Rock] and upon this rock [Cephas, or Peter, for his name was not till then Peter, but Simon] I will build My Church; and the gates of hell [i. e., of error] shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in Heaven.*” (Matthew, xvi, 18, 19.) Lying or prejudiced historians may write what they please against the Church—we rely upon the words of Christ that she shall not err, and we have positive proofs that she does not err; we see and feel that she is right, and this gives the Catholic a sense of security that no one else can feel. To the allegations of the *Courier*, we assert that the Church *could not, and never did*, encourage or approve of treachery, assassination or massacre; that far from being the foe of civil liberty, she was always its friend; that, furthermore, she was always the patron of men of learning, of literature, of art, and science; and although the silly stories told of her persecuting Copernicus, Galileo, and others, have been refuted over and over again, and proven to be *false*, we find the latter dished out in a late History of Natural Science, by Miss Buckley, the late Sir Charles Lyell’s secretary. This shows the necessity of going to the fountain-head when we wish to get the truth in its purity.—The Church “a richly adorned corpse”! This is rather a strange assertion, when, to-day, she numbers far more in her communion than all Christian sects combined! “A richly adorned corpse,”—when almost every day the truth of her doctrine is confirmed by miracles! when even Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, of New York,—well known for his opposition to the Church heretofore—after a visit to Lourdes is forced to exclaim, in a public sermon: “No one dares attempt to deny that multitudes of cures took place there. The lame leaped, the deaf heard, the blind saw. It will never do in this generation to deny those well-authenticated facts.” “A richly adorned corpse,”—when even the sceptical Draper, of New York, a deadly enemy of Catholicity, asserts in his work “The Conflict between Religion and Science,” that the Church is the chief bulwark of Christianity against the oncoming wave of infidel materialism. On page 329 he says of her: “It is estimated that the entire population of Europe is about three hundred and one millions. Of these, *one hundred and eight five millions* are Roman Catholics, *thirty-three millions* are Greek Catholics. Of Protestants there are *seventy-one millions, separated into many sects.* . . . The whole Christian South America is Roman Catholic; the same may be said of Central America and of Mexico, as also of the Spanish and French West India possessions. . . . The Roman Catholic Church is the *most widely diffused and the most powerfully organized* of all modern societies. It is plain, therefore, that of professing Christians the vast majority are Catholic; and such is the authoritative demand of the Papacy for supremacy, that, in any survey of the present religious condition of Christendom, regard must be mainly had to its acts. Its movements are guided by the highest intelligence and skill. Catholicism obeys the orders of one man, and has therefore a *unity, a compactness, a power*, which Protestant denominations do not possess. Moreover, it derives inestimable strength from the souvenir of the great name of Rome. *Unembarrassed by any hesitating sentiment*, the Papacy has contemplated the coming intellectual crisis [between Christianity and materialism]. It has pronounced its decision, and occupied what seemed to it to be the most advantageous ground.” (We have taken the liberty of italicising such portions of Dr. Draper’s remarks as seemed best to confirm our point.) The Church “a richly adorned corpse,”—when the Protestant Macaulay is forced to give testimony of her life and vigor in the following eloquent passage of his History:

“There is not, and there never was, on this earth, a work of

human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church. The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Slavian amphitheatre.

“The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor.

“The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farther ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustin; and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the Old. Her spiritual ascendancy extend over the vast countries which lie between the plains of Missouri and Cape Horn; countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe.

“The members of her community are certainly not fewer than one hundred and fifty millions [he might with greater truth have said two hundred and fifty millions]; and it will be difficult to show that all the other Christian sects united amount to a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching.

“She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot in Britain—before the Frank had passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch—when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul’s.

“Is it not strange that in the year 1799 even sagacious observers should have thought that at length the hour of the Church of Rome had come? An infidel power ascendant—the Pope dying in captivity—the most illustrious prelates of France living in a foreign country on Protestant alms—the noblest edifices which the munificence of former ages had consecrated to the worship of God turned into temples of victory, or into banqueting houses for political societies, or into Theophilanthropic chapels—such signs might well be supposed to indicate the approaching end of that long domination.

“But the end was not yet. Again doomed to death, the milk-white hind was fated not to die. Even before the funeral rites had been performed over the ashes of Pius the Sixth, a great reaction had commenced, which, after the lapse of more than forty years, appears to be still in progress. Anarchy had its day. A new order of things rose out of confusion—new dynasties, new laws, new titles; and amidst them emerged the ancient religion. The Arabs had a fable that the great pyramid was built by the antediluvian kings, and, alone of all the works of men, bore the weight of the flood.

“Such was the fall of the Papacy. It had been buried under the great inundation, but its deep foundations had remained unshaken; and when the waters abated, it appeared alone amidst the ruins of a world which had passed away. The republic of Holland was gone, and the empire of Germany, and the Great Council of Venice, and the old Helvetic League, and the House of Bourbon, and the Parliaments and aristocracy of France.

“Europe was full of young creations—a French empire, a kingdom of Italy, a Confederation of the Rhine. Nor had the late events affected only the territorial limits and political institutions. The distribution of property, the composition and spirit of society, had, through great part of Catholic Europe, undergone a complete change. But the unchangeable Church was still there.”

Now that three of our contemporary’s main points are refuted—namely, his idea of civilization, the defunction of the Church, and her capability of falling into error (we think he will not dare to question the Authority on which the refutation of the latter is based), he might as well give up. In fact, the first (Pagan and Mohammedan civilization) was the only one backed by any argument whatever; the rest are mere assertions, and we gave them, in whole and part, a positive denial.

Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, December 11, 1880.

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—It is matter of surprise to many beyond our college halls, who are aware of the difficulties and ill-feeling existing between the faculties and students of many of our American colleges, that such amity exists at Notre Dame. Not that there are not misunderstandings, and differences too, at times, but as a rule these do not culminate in that open defiance of authority that exist in many places elsewhere. Many outsiders cannot understand this, and in consequence attribute it to oppressively coercive measures on the part of the faculty and a want of spirit in the students. Nothing could be farther from the truth. To arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, one must first examine the relative position of State or corporate, and private colleges. The first are in a great measure supported by State or private bequests, and give the faculty a greater independence of action; the latter in equal measure depend upon tuition fees, and upon the personal economy of the faculty in order to the liberal supplying of the institution for comfort and for teaching purposes. The personal sacrifices continually made by members of faculties in the Catholic teaching orders are well known to all who have attended their institutions, and must call forth the admiration of all who witness them. Without these, such institutions could not exist in the absence of the liberal public patronage now in great measure or altogether withheld. Here we behold men devoting their lives to the education of youth without salary or pension, for all that comes in over and above the actual necessities of life is devoted to the support and extension of the college and comfort of the students. The general action of the faculty towards the students, too, must, in order to accommodate itself to the circumstances, be the very reverse of what was above supposed. The greater good of the governed is,

plainly, the object, as far as possible, of the governing power; hence to a certain degree a family feeling is created, and with the great sacrifices made by the faculty before his eyes the student will not readily find fault even when there is reason for it. This is not so much reasoned out as instinctively felt, and it accounts to us for the kind feeling, in the main, existing between faculty and students. These thoughts have been suggested by an editorial in a recent number of the *Harvard Echo* bearing upon the relations of faculty and students at that college. It seems to us that the editor has touched not only the key-note of the difficulty but also of the difference between our college and other colleges, and the consequent difference in feeling between the majority of students here and those at other colleges to their respective faculties. The following excerpt from the article mentioned will explain our meaning:

"Every once in a while there is a great complaint about some action taken by the ruling powers in refusing some request, or in making some new regulation, which puts certain persons to inconvenience. The complaints, perhaps, soon cease, and the matter is forgotten; but the feeling of wrong remains, and prevents pleasant relation between the students and the authorities. It is our belief that much of this ill-feeling might be prevented, if students were only better able to ascertain the reasons which influence the decisions made by the authorities. It may not occur to those who have carefully considered and discussed a measure before taking action that the reason for it may not be so apparent to others as to themselves. When a man hears of a decision that the Faculty has made, it is very seldom that he hears at the same time the reasons for that decision. If the matter has turned out differently from what he expected and thought right, he either finds himself unable to conceive of any reason at all why it should be so, and regards the action of the Faculty as simply tyrannical; or else he is likely to impute to them motives entirely different from the true ones. In either case his feelings toward the authorities are far from pleasant.

"It sometimes happens that not a single student is able to give the reasons why the authorities have done a certain thing, and the matter remains a constant source of wonder and complaint. It generally happens where the supposed reason is given that it becomes so distorted by being transmitted from one man to another that it loses all its weight. On the other hand, we have known men who were complaining and abusing the Faculty to be instantly silenced when the true reason was given them. We have heard discussions between two men, where one has taken the part of the college authorities, but has been unable to defend some action that they have taken, except by saying that they are a very wise body of men, and and would not do as they have done without some good reason. This is a very good argument, but it becomes worn out, and ceases to be effective after being used a few hundred times.

"It may be said that it is inconsistent with the dignity of the Faculty to act as if it were accountable to the students. We are confident, however, that it would not be any less respected by the students for treating them in this respect, as in others, like reasonable beings. It is certain that if our Faculty took more pains to let their reasons be known they would be much more respected, and much less abused. Of course there are some reasons which must necessarily be kept back, but this is no reason why others should also be concealed. It may be further objected that giving its reasons officially would involve the Faculty in unseemly discussions. This would not be the case, for there would be no need of giving anything but the simple reasons. After giving these, if the Faculty needed anybody to defend it, it would find plenty of defenders among the students. As matters stand now, it is impossible for a man to defend the Faculty, since he never knows for a certainty what are the reasons for anything they do. A great deal has

been said about the need of bringing the students and the instructors into more intimate relations. Much could be done in this direction if there could be more harmony and sympathy between the students and those who control the college."

—The lecture delivered in the University Hall on the evening of the 2d inst., by Prof. T. E. Howard, A. M., was one of the best and most instructive of the present session. It was attentively listened to by the students and faculty of the University, the diction employed being the most simple, yet the most expressive, concise, forcible and elegant in our language. The Professor prefaced his lecture by saying that he would speak rather on the motives which should induce us to study history than on the study of history itself. The acquisition of historical knowledge was considered in two lights, as a source of mental pleasure and as a means of advancing our interests in the practical affairs of life. A retrospective glance at the actions of our fellow-men always affords pleasure; the exploits of the great ones of Judea, Assyria, Persia, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and the kingdoms and republics of the Middle Ages, of modern Europe, and of our own continent present an array of brilliant and illustrious names which challenge our admiration and arouse us to enthusiasm, and pass before us for our amusement on the ever-changing stage of human action. The historian needs but lift the magic curtain and he beholds warriors, statesmen, discoverers, orators, poets, painters, sculptors, architects—the wise, the good, and the great—whatever they have thought, or said, or done. If we desire tragedy, we need but glance at the history of Caesar, the conquest of Jerusalem, the English Rebellion, or the French Revolution. If we prefer the ennobling epic, we have but to read the story of the Jewish Nation, the tale of the Crusaders, or the steady, strong growth of the great Roman Republic. The annals of our own land will furnish us with the sublime and the pathetic. History is the source from which the poets have drawn their beauties and their sublimities. The beautiful poetry of all time is but the history of all time newly formed in the creative mind and heart of men of genius. A knowledge of history is absolutely necessary for the enjoyment of the beauties of the fine arts, of poetry, of oratory, of music, of painting, of sculpture and architecture. The beauties of Homer, and other Grecian poets, are undiscoverable without a knowledge of the history of Greece. The grandeur of Roman poetry is lost when the grander Roman history is unknown. 'Tis thus with modern poetry; 'tis the same with ancient and modern oratory. The excellence of the oratory of Demosthenes, Cicero, Burke, Chatham, O'Connell, Patrick Henry or Daniel Webster remains unappreciated without a knowledge of the leading facts in the history of their respective countries. We cannot appreciate and enjoy the arts if we do not know the history of the people and the age that produced them. The reason why Germany has produced the great musical composers, why Gothic architecture originated in Central Europe during the Middle Ages are contained in history. Italy and the Middle Ages alone could have produced Dante and Michael Angelo; from no people but their own could a Homer or an Alexander have come forth; it was the annexation of Corsico to France that gave us the Napoleon that we know; it was the stay of his parents in England during the religious disturbances of the sixteenth century that gave us a Shakspeare, for

the eighteenth century and the French Revolution were necessary to develop the warrior as he was; the sixteenth century, the English character and language were necessary to develop the poet as he was; all these facts are known to the historian only, for he well knows that the poets, artists, philosophers, statesmen and warriors just mentioned could come only when and where they did come. The history of the past is but a mirror in which the present is reflected; and it is in this light that we find history to be one of the great teachers of men and nations. It was to this point especially that the lecturer wished to call our attention. He told us that we would not always remain the happy tenants of academic halls; for a day will surely come when, having gone forth from our *Alma Mater*, we will be called upon to assist in moulding society and in forming laws for our country, when experience alone can assist us. This experience, which more than any other will give us large and just views, can be had from a thorough knowledge of history. He who thoroughly understands the past is the prophet of the future, for history but repeats itself. Who are those wonderful beings that we call self-made men? They are those who have made the most of themselves and the circumstances in which they were placed. History is full of them, and it was history which guided the best of them. History is, as it were, an exhaustless mental granary from which all may take their supplies. The poet has the long array of sacred and profane writers, from David and Homer down to the most sublime bards of his own day; and if successful, he owes it to emulation, by striving to surpass or equal the time-tested productions of their genius. The astronomer finds the grand results of the past heaped up upon the historic page. The general has before him the deeds of the heroes of the past to spur on his ambition. The fire of patriots' hearts burned brighter and brighter in reading the history of Alfred, Hampden and Washington; the orator grows emulous of Cicero and Burke; the statesman becomes wise with Pericles, Chatham and Hamilton.

The lecturer compared the benefits derived from the perusal of history with those received from the pursuit of the other sciences, of which mathematics and metaphysics are considered the most suitable for improving the reasoning powers. But these powers are concerned chiefly with necessary and unchangeable things, and, consequently, make the mind rigid, inflexible, and therefore unsuited, in no small degree, to the affairs of practical life. History must be used as a modifier of the stern influence of the sciences, otherwise we will find ourselves unfitted for the necessities and wants of our time and country. We do not follow the patterns set by metaphysicians and mathematicians in forming the laws of society and government, but consult the temporary or peculiar wants of each class or nation of people. The results of geological science are grand; but at best geology is but the science of the earth's crust, the habitation of man. But man is of more consequence than the house in which he lives; the history of man is more important than that of the rock upon which he walks. So of zoölogy, which tells us of beasts, birds, fishes and insects; still the actions of these creatures, interesting though they be, cannot be so worthy of our attention as the deeds of men. The lecturer said that he did not wish to be understood as detracting a particle from the importance of scientific studies; he but desired to convince us that man himself is the most important and most interesting of all studies. He then examined the study

of history in reference to the various avocations of life and found it to be absolutely necessary for success to every man—be he a professional man or a common tiller of the soil. History is not a mere chronicle of names and dates, of wars and treaties, but a review of the state of the human race in all ages. To us Americans—the heirs of all time, the product, as it were, of the ages—the history of all that has gone before is of pre-eminent importance. We are the offspring of all time and of all nations; almost every people of history is represented here. We are not only Americans, but also Europeans, Spaniards, English, French, Irish, Germans, Swedes—from them we draw our customs, our institutions.

A great objection brought against the study of history is that it teems with lies. This is not true. The truth is never without its defenders; and it is one of the objects of the study of history to learn to choose the teachers of truth from those of error. Truth exists; it behooves us to find it, and point it out to others. How shall we study history? Many books are not necessary; we read too many of them. One book well known is worth a whole library skimmed over. One book at a time is all we need; and, knowing it thoroughly, we have acquired a positive knowledge. We should first take up the outlines of ancient and modern history; for by so doing, our knowledge of history will be both connected and systematic. We cannot obtain a complete knowledge of history at college; but we can master the outlines of general history, and afterwards direct our special reading intelligently and profitably into the different departments we may wish to explore more thoroughly and in detail. By fixing well in our minds the dates of the more prominent events, such as the flood, the founding of the great republics and monarchies, the crusades, the discovery of America, etc., we can remember with greater ease the time of an event of less consequence. History will cause us to entertain broad views of things; we will not be selfish and think that the only great deeds are those of our own age and country, nor shall we imagine that this is the worst age of the world. The lecturer concluded by saying that, as scholars, we want information, we want something noble to think of, something good to talk of among ourselves, and afterwards in society; something to give us thought for our essays, or even for our lighter conversations; or, afterwards in real life, when we may be called upon to defend the right or to oppose the wrong; now and then we wish to *be*, and to be *known* as intelligent persons; we wish for subject-matter for our compositions now, and afterwards in our more serious or even playful correspondence we will have the same want—in a word, we want information, practical and interesting information, at hand for every occasion, both now, and still more when we take our place in the grand school of society. "Now and then," said the lecturer, "you want what you can find in history, and only in history—to be ignorant of which, according to a great moralist, is to remain in perpetual childhood."

The warm applause which greeted the close of Prof. Howard's interesting lecture, and the marked attention by which it was listened to by all, are the best proofs that it was thoroughly appreciated by his large audience. We hope to hear the same gentleman lecture frequently during the scholastic year. We understand that several other able lecturers are engaged for the season, so auspiciously opened.

Personal.

- Judah Halle, '78, is residing at Cleveland, Ohio.
- M. T. Burns, '79, is in a law office in Washington, D. C.
- John A. Gibbons, '79, is studying medicine at Keokuk, Iowa.
- J. French, '78, is teaching at St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati.
- B. McGinnis '72, spent a few days with us during the past week.
- C. Robertson (Commercial, '75,) is doing business at Sandusky, Ohio.
- Alex Caren, '79, is attending a business college at Columbus, Ohio.
- Prof. M. T. Corby, of Chicago, is spending a few days in visiting his brother, President Corby.
- R. P. Mayer, '78, is in business with McIntosh, Good & Co., 116-18 Superior St., Cleveland, Ohio.
- J. Moran, '75, paid a visit to the University last week. John is in business at 107-109 S. Water Street, Chicago, Ill.
- Rev. Father Mariné, accompanied by Mr. P. Rosen, C. S. C., took his departure for New Orleans Wednesday afternoon.
- J. English, '78, who has been unwell for some time, has, we are happy to say, entirely recovered, and is John once more.
- Eddie Asher, '63, is on board the U. S. Naval Steamship "Jamestown," at Sitka, Alaska, where she has been stationed for the past year and a half.
- Messrs. J. J. and J. P. Quinn, '77, received Minor Orders at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., last week. Accept our congratulations, gentlemen.
- James Bell (Commercial, '77,) is keeping books for Wright & Kaufman, at Terre Haute, Ind. A recent letter from him gives glowing accounts of the good hunting in that vicinity.
- G. Walters and J. Thompson, '78, are leading members of society in Washington. But the boys miss the beaming countenance and insinuating smile of B. J. Claggett, '80. Bernie is attending college at the University of Virginia.

Local Items.

- Zero!
- Eureka!
- Rebellion?
- Oh, my ears!
- Who's Mike?
- "Dusin-blossom."
- Look out for the red light!
- "Jim" is said to be very witty.
- Mercury 10° Tuesday morning.
- How many days till Christmas?
- Look out for the *Scholastic Annual*.
- Watch the "stars" next Saturday evening.
- How the locals pour into the SCHOLASTIC box!
- Read the Prologue to the Cecilians' Play.
- W. D. Cannon has our thanks for favors received.
- The "Marshal" is the "boss" in "Fontenoy," hey?
- Rettig visits his traps every evening by lantern light.
- W. Start is one of the best "star-cutters" on the lakes.
- Silverman (Prep.) received the prize in Grammar last week.
- Rev. Father Stoffel was the celebrant at High Mass last Sunday.
- Prof. Paul shook the dust from the large organ Wednesday last.

—The Cecilians commenced their rehearsals last Saturday evening.

—The Philopatrians will not appear in public before the second session.

—A recognition will in all probability take place next Saturday evening.

—The Band and Orchestra are practicing some grand pieces for the 18th.

—Mercury and Zero stood side by side at 10 o'clock, Thursday morning.

—Several local items were given us last week, but too late for publication.

—We have not seen our horticulturist for a long time. Wonder where he is?

—The Sorins return a vote of thanks to Bro. Eustachius, the Senior refectorian.

—Bro. Peter, who lay dangerously ill for the past two weeks, is convalescent.

—We are requested to announce that classes will continue up to the 23d inst.

—Rev. Father Shortis, C. S. C., will please accept our thanks for favors received.

—Masters Guthrie and Brown were the head-servers at High Mass on Sunday last.

—Masters Orrick, Ewing and Fleming had perfect Bulletins for the month of November.

—Who said that our old friend J. R. Lambin, of Chicago, was going to be married soon?

—The Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association held its regular meeting on Tuesday evening.

—The "Corporal" was out skating on Thursday. He appears to his best advantage on skates.

—We are sure that the St. Cecilians will keep up their reputation at their coming Entertainment.

—Messrs. Rietz and O'Neill, the Censors of the St. Cecilia Society, are kept very busy at present.

—Masters Cleary and Guthrie were acolytes-in-chief at the Solemn High Mass Wednesday morning.

—The ice harvest has commenced, and large quantities of it are being cut and stowed away every day.

—Prof. Lyons spares no pains to render this year's Elocution Class superior to that of previous years.

—The Academia are under obligations to Bro. Bruno for his kindness to them on the night of the 2d inst.

—Master Boone, of the Junior department, is one of the best skaters we have seen on the lakes this season.

—John's eye-sight is fast failing. He mistook the Academy of Music for the Infirmary Wednesday evening.

—Truly, but sadly, the Thespians have lost the grit and ambition which characterized them in former times.

—One of the Medics brings us the sorrowful intelligence that Sancho and Nep are troubled with the epizootic.

—Very Rev. Father General is busily engaged writing a drama for the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association.

—The "Corporal's" historical novel will be printed in the following languages: Sioux, Chaldaic, Irish and Zulu.

—Mr. McErlain lately presented an Indian skull to the Class of Anatomy. It was found in the ground, under his house.

—The Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Conception received Holy Communion in a body last Wednesday morning.

—The large statue of St. Edward, King and Confessor, which the Sorins have just received from France, is a perfect gem of art.

—From astronomical predictions and present indications, we believe this will be one of the most severe winters in our experience.

—Members of the different Societies would do well to keep their "weather-eye" open when they have sociables in Washington Hall.

—Prof. Edwards has the thanks of the Commercial for

a beautiful bust of Daniel Webster, which will in future adorn the Commercial Hall.

—The play-hall faculty are certainly proud of their exertions when they hear the praise lavished on them by the students on a very cold morning.

—Bro. Francis, the kind and affable porter of the University, is continually occupied with showing a constant stream of visitors through the University buildings.

—To-morrow, the third Sunday of Advent, *Missa de Angelis* will be sung. Vespers, the Common of a Virgin (St. Lucy, Virgin, Martyr), page 112 of the Vesperal.

—Masters Fleming, Grever, O'Neill, Tinley and Brinkman were the committee on arrangements "for the proper celebration of the Festival of the Immaculate Conception."

—A small gold heart was lost somewhere about the College grounds or in the church, Saturday last. The finder will please leave the same at the SCHOLASTIC Office.

—Snow-shovels, and all other sorts of snow-scraping instruments, were brought into requisition Saturday last in removing ice which had become softened by Friday night's thaw.

—That the University Quartette is simply "immense" is the unanimous opinion of the Senior department, which was entertained by this favorite organization on Thanksgiving night.

—The psalms were well sung at Vespers on Wednesday afternoon; everybody seemed to be trying to drown his neighbor's voice. The louder the better; you can't drown the organ's voice, you know.

—Master C. Tinley, the polite and gentlemanly young Prep in charge of Cecilia Hall, spares no pains to make Prof. Lyons's wonderful mocking-bird, and the canary birds, as comfortable as possible.

—The Professor of Botany is arranging, on beautifully tinted paper, some of the plants lately presented to him by Miss Clarke, of Baltimore. They are to be framed in four large tableaux for the class-room of Botany.

—Manning, Rettig, McPhillips, and a few more trappers, have become so *rabbit* in their demands for, and select in their choice of meat, that nothing but rabbit flesh will satisfy their almost insatiable appetites.

—We believe that Master R. McCarthy, who died in Lafayette last week, was a member of one or more of the University organizations. We hope that these associations will draw up their resolutions as soon as possible.

—The snow-plow has made no trip to Mt. St. Vincent's thus far, though we believe it has been almost everywhere else. They say that there's any amount of snow in that place which would be worthy of any ploughman's steel.

—The microscope used in the Class of Botany, for illustrating the structure of the different parts of plants, belongs to R. Anderson of the Senior department. The class, as well as the Professor, are under great obligations to him.

—We are glad to see the interest which the students of the various departments take in assisting us to fill up the local and personal columns. This is a great encouragement, and will urge us to work the harder to make the SCHOLASTIC both interesting and instructive.

—Some of the large cities are experiencing a coal famine, and the consequences are that the price of coal has rapidly advanced, and many manufacturing establishments have been obliged to suspend operations. Singer's factory was obliged to shut down last week. We hope Notre Dame will not be of the number of coal-famine stricken.

—The students of the Minim department who gave the best duties in Arithmetic and Grammar were Masters D. G. Taylor, who got 28 perfect notes; C. C. Echlin, 24; J. S. Courtney, 22; C. G. Droste, 21; H. Snee, 18; G. Tourtillotte, 17; W. T. Berthelet, 13; F. Maroney, 13; C. A. Van Mourick, 12; H. Kitz, 8; M. W. Olds, 8; E. A. Howard, 8; H. Metz, 8.

—The members of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association enjoyed themselves after their own characteristic style, in Washington Hall, on Friday evening. Messrs. Maher and Bloom furnished the music. Masters O'Connor, Snee, Courtney, Fischel, Farrelly and others enlivened the occasion with songs.

—The lay of a sleepy Junior:

"Tick-tock, tick-tock,
'Tis eight o'clock,
Come, boys, cease noise,
'Tis eight o'clock,
Tick-tock, tick-tock."

—We understand that a reward is offered for information which will lead to the detection and arrest of two parties who were bombarding near the depot of the M. C. R. R., near St. Mary's, on last Wednesday morning, and shooting one of those big long-eared animules (mistaking it for a rabbit, probably). Some of our reporters are anxious to secure the reward. That's right, ye noble band of reporters, bring the violaters of the law to justice, if possible.

—All his former companions and friends will, no doubt, be grieved to learn of Master R. McCarthy's death, which took place at his home in Lafayette, Ind., last week. Robert was a student here in '77-8-9, and, by gentlemanly deportment, affable disposition and urbanity won the love and esteem of the students and Faculty of the University, who now extend to the parents and relatives of the deceased their condolence and sympathy in their sad bereavement.

—It came to pass on Christmas day, some years ago, that our youngsters had, among other good things, some delicious gooseberry preserve for dessert. A curly-headed Minim, sitting near the prefect, having ascertained from that functionary the name of the favorite conserve, smacked his lips with great gusto, and innocently cried out: "I wish the University had more geese, and that Christmas day would come every week. Wouldn't you, boys?"

—Our friend Bert Zekind, Prep., will no doubt be pleased to learn that his name is going the rounds of the press; as the following, which we clip from the *Lake Shore Daily News*, a spicy and newsy paper published at St. Joseph, Mich., by an old and esteemed friend of ours, testifies: "From the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC we are glad to learn that Mr. Bert Zekind is on the Roll of Honor there, being one of the few who have 'by their exemplary conduct, given satisfaction to all the members of the Faculty.'"

—The 7th regular meeting of the Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Conception took place Sunday evening, Dec. 5th. Rev. Father O'Keeffe gave the ten-minute instruction; Master J. Guthrie explained the "Sign of the Cross"; Master H. L. Rose read a paper on the "Immaculate Conception," and Master F. L. Kleine one on "Advent." Those who are to take part next meeting are Masters J. Homan, F. McPhillips, and T. F. Flynn. Masters G. Prenatt, F. Prenatt and F. Cantwell were unanimously elected members of the Confraternity.

—We are informed that the "Corporal" intends lecturing in Europe some time next year. Our reporter, in an interview with the gentleman, found the following to be the "Corporal's" programme while abroad: His first lecture will be delivered in London, on "Literature"; thence he will go to Paris, where he will speak to the French on the "Music of the Ancients"; at Berlin he will tell the people what he knows about "Science and the Sciences"; the people of Vienna will listen to a "Solution of the Eastern Question," while the Romans will become enthusiastic over his masterpiece in oratory, "Rome the Mistress of the World." Success be with thee, "Corporal."

—Some Preps. started out Wednesday afternoon with the intention of catching some rabbits. They scared up quite a number of those little animals, but all of them managed to escape uninjured. Although they caught no rabbits, they nevertheless had a jolly time. Occasionally some small boy would tumble over the stump of an old tree, hidden by the snow, or find himself half buried in a snow-bank. They did not like the idea of returning empty-handed, so they brought with them a large supply of sassafras, for which Master Mendel has a great liking. As they got no rabbits, they took out their satisfaction on a lot of pies when they got home.

—The 12th regular meeting of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association was held Saturday, Dec. 4th. Compositions were read on the lives and times of Daniel O'Connell,

Major Andre and Alexander Hamilton, by T. Flynn, A. J. Hintze, and H. Hake, respectively. E. Orrick read an interesting essay on "Reptiles." Master Guthrie delivered, in a graceful manner, a selection from Walter Scott. The roles for the Christmas Entertainment were assigned to those who will take part. Readers for this week are, R. Fleming, C. Brinkman, E. Orrick, G. Rhodius, F. Grever, W. Cleary, J. Homan, and C. Tinley. Master E. Orrick closed the exercises with a well-written criticism on the 11th regular meeting.

—The members of the Sorin Association are the happy possessors of a magnificent life-size statue of St. Edward, which has just arrived from Paris. It has cost them a little over \$200—a small amount for such a splendid specimen of art. The Sorins, in ordering the statue of their Patron, wished to have it surpass anything of the kind at Notre Dame; and that they have succeeded in carrying out their intention, no one who has seen the statue can deny. We understand that they will present it to Very Rev. Father General at Christmas, with the request that it be placed in the Sanctuary of the Church of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, near Father General's chair. We will give a description of it in our next.

—The 9th regular meeting of the Columbian Commercial Society was held Tuesday, Nov. 30th. Messrs. T. Kavanagh, F. C. Smith, J. A. McIntyre, A. Thornton and B. F. Smith were elected members. The following debate took place: "Resolved, That Chinese Immigration Should be Discouraged." Messrs. E. J. Taggart and W. R. Young supported the affirmative, and Messrs. H. O'Donnell and J. Marlett the negative. A decision was given in favor of the negative side. An extemporary debate, "Resolved, That Woman's Mind is Inferior to Man's," then took place between H. O'Donnell and J. W. Quinn. As the subject was ably handled by both these young gentlemen the decision was deferred until some future time. The speakers for the next meeting being then appointed the meeting adjourned.

—The following explains itself:

MR. EDITOR:—I think you must be mistaking persons when you said that the Prof. of Natural Sciences had broken his arm by a fall on the ice. I only tried skating once in my life, and that was long ago. I did fall then, but the concussion was on some other part of the comparative anatomy. The simple facts, as well as I can remember, are as follows: I bought a pair of skates, marched down to the ice, put them on, and tried to stand upright, when the two long supporting columns gave away, and the whole house fell, but no furniture got broken; I felt, though, as if the roof had caved in, and through the windows I could see stars. Since then I have given up the idea of enjoying what I consider the best of winter sports.

N. SCIENTIFIC.

We acknowledge the corn. We should have said the Professor of Physics and Chemistry, instead of the Professor of Natural Sciences. In speaking of the affair referred to in the above communication, we think, however, that the Rev. Prof. of Natural Sciences is also mistaken in terms: we did not say that an arm was broken, but *sprained*.

—A gang of witty Sophomores lately meeting one of their companions who is remarkable for his genteel manners, genial habits, and love of sporting a long, flowing beard, of which he was justly proud, "Good morning, Father Abraham," said one; "Good morning, Father Isaac," said another; "Good morning, Father Jacob," said a third. Mr. Longbeard drew himself up to his full manly proportions, and, stroking down his beard with evident gusto, while a roguish smile lit up his handsome physiognomy, answered emphatically, "I have not the honor of being either Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob, but I am Saul, the son of Sis, sent by him in quest of his braying quadrupeds. It is highly pleasing to find myself at last surrounded by them, thus obviating the necessity of further search or anxiety. My sorrowing father will be delighted on hearing the glad tidings. I am sure he will kill a fatted calf, and call his relations together, even to the tenth generation, saying, Rejoice with me, my friends, for my missing truants with elongated auriculars, that were lost, are found again and restored to my pasture."

—Last Wednesday, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, was observed at Notre Dame with all the grandeur and

solemnity befitting the occasion. Solemn High Mass was chaunted by Very Rev. President Corby, assisted by Rev. Fathers Walsh and O'Keeffe, with Mr. P. Moran, C. S. C., as Master of Ceremonies. Prof. Paul presided at the organ; and as the grand procession, headed by Master C. Tinley, the thurifer, immediately followed by the processional cross, acolytes, Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary, clergy, celebrant and his assistants, made its appearance, the Prof. struck up a grand march and played it in his unique, charming manner. "Thou art fair, O Daughter of Jerusalem, and there is no stain in thee," was the text eloquently and eruditely discoursed upon by Rev. Father Shea, C. S. C. The members of the Archconfraternity of the Immaculate Conception, whose festival day this was, and who had received Holy Communion in a body at the six o'clock Mass, celebrated by Vice-President Walsh, President of the Junior branch of the Association, were present in full regalia at this Mass.

—Our new press works like a charm; and now that we have the students of all departments interested in the work, we are confident that this year's SCHOLASTIC will be in no way inferior to that of former years. Apropos to the satisfaction given by the new press, the following lines, which we found *somewhere*, may not be out of place:

"Young genius went out on his rambles of yore,
The vast, sunless caverns of earth to explore;
He searched the rude rock, and with rapture he found
A substance unknown, which he brought from the ground;
He fused it with fire, and rejoiced at the change,
As he moulded the arc into characters strange,
Till his thoughts and his efforts were crowned with success,
For an engine uprose, and he called it the Press.

The Pen and the Press, blest alliance! combined
To soften the heart and enlighten the mind;
For that to the treasures of knowledge gave birth,
And this sent them forth to the ends of the earth:
Their battles for truth were triumphant indeed,
And the rod of the tyrant was snapped like a reed;
They were made to exalt us, to teach us, to bless,
Those invincible brothers—the Pen and the Press."

—On Wednesday evening, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, the members of the Confraternity, (Preparatory department), proceeded to Washington Hall, and the sports and pleasures of the day were supplemented by a good time there. The upper and lower halls were well warmed and ventilated; Masters O'Neill, McDermott, Morgan, Rietz and Guthrie had been appointed Hall Committee, and gave us warm greeting on arriving there. The boys had enjoyed themselves heartily for some time, when Father Walsh announced the drawing of a prize, to be offered to the one that should guess the number that Father Walsh had taken, or the one that should guess the nearest to it. After the drawing, he announced that Master A. J. Hintze, of Milwaukee, was the lucky one. The number was 127. The prize was a fine gold medal of Our Lady of Lourdes. Master Hintze should be proud of it. A few more prizes were given in the same manner; after a time, all proceeded to the upper hall, where music, dancing and an excellent lunch were the programme. The rest of the evening was spent in dancing; the Junior Orchestra was kind enough to furnish music for the occasion. They are on a fair way to a high degree of success as musicians, and we hope they will continue and achieve it. They were under the instruction of Walter D. Cannon, who distinguished himself with his cornet. We are sorry to say that the members of O'Neill and Reitz's orchestral combination were not all present; and others having had severe colds, we were without vocal music for the evening. Mr. F. Bloom favored the dancers with a few pieces, after which the boys undertook the demolition of the grand lunch served up by the "Hotel de Morgan." Song, games, and social chat terminated the evening's enjoyment. It will long be remembered by the students.

—Our enthusiastic young friend, Mr. Highmind, was highly delighted with the musical efforts of the Euglossian minstrels during the late Entertainment given His Grace of New Orleans. He came rushing like an incipient tornado into our sanctum the next morning, with eyes speaking volumes, while his face was radiant with smiles, and handed in for publication the following lines, which give us a peep into his overflowing heart:

MR. EDITOR:—It was truly entrancing to behold last

night's brilliant scene, especially when one got over the glamor of the dazzling effulgence with which our spacious Exhibition Hall was filled throughout its vast extent. It carried me back to the happy days of yore, when I tripped the light fantastic toe with congenial spirits in our far-off prairie homes, where the unwieldy bison untrammelled roams for the daily amusement of his companion, the unamed Indian. The melodious strains discoursed by the Euglossians on that memorable and eventful occasion have covered themselves and their Professor with imperishable glory, and caused me to imagine myself wafted on angel pinions through the regions of illimitable space to dance fandangoes with fairy queens and blonde sultanas in their flowery glades and ambrosial bowers.

Hail, sweet *Alma Mater*, be thou ever blest,
True guardian of youth and the pride of the West.
May melody flourish in thy hallowed shade,
Where Corby has warbled and Basil has played
Those strains so scraphic that steal to the heart,
And never, ah never, again can depart!

Through life's weary journey, as onward we roam,
How sweet to inhabit awhile such a home,
Whose redolent zephyrs so blissful exhale
Such breathings of virtue on each passing gale,
To cheer, guide and guard us amid the rude strife
We'll meet in the up-hills and down-hills of life.

Roll of Honor.

[The following are the names of those students who during the past week have, by their exemplary conduct, given satisfaction to all the members of the Faculty.]

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

A. A. Ayers, A. A. Brown, F. A. Boone, C. J. Brinkman, M. G. Butler, V. G. Butler, J. H. Burns, A. Bodine, W. H. Barron, G. Castaneda, A. W. Coghlin, W. L. Coghlin, J. Casey, J. M. Courtney, E. Cullinane, W. J. Cavanaugh, W. S. Cleary, H. P. Dunn, A. C. Dick, G. De Haven, A. J. Dennis, F. H. Dorsel, A. J. Flynn, T. F. Flynn, J. M. Flynn, J. W. Devitt, H. F. Devitt, J. H. Fendrick, R. E. Fleming, Ed Fischel, J. J. Gordon, L. L. Gilbert, E. F. Gall, A. A. Gall, J. W. Guthrie, F. H. Grever, W. W. Gray, P. G. Hoffman, A. J. Hintze, J. T. Homan, J. M. Heffernan, P. Haney, G. J. Haslam, F. R. Johnson, P. A. Joyce, F. A. Krone, F. A. Kleine, J. M. Kelly, C. C. Kollars, Sam. Livingston, W. P. Mahan, A. Jackson, Frank McPhillips, F. X. Mattes, J. P. McClarnon, J. L. Morgan, C. J. McDermott, C. M. Murdock, S. T. Murdock, E. A. Munce, J. F. Martin, J. S. McGrath, A. S. Manning, A. L. Miller, E. C. Orrick, G. F. O'Kane, J. P. O'Neill, L. L. O'Donnell, F. J. Prenatt, E. M. Prenatt, D. G. Paul, F. A. Quinn, G. J. Rhodius, H. L. Rose, C. F. Rose, C. F. Rietz, J. Ruppe, G. W. Silverman, H. G. Sells, W. E. Smith, R. C. Simms, G. Schäfer, J. W. Start, J. M. Scanlan, G. A. Truschel, C. A. Tinley, F. J. Woerber, Guy Woodson, T. Williams, W. T. Weney, F. W. Wheatly, N. Nelson, W. D. Cannon.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

C. E. Droste, D. G. Taylor, C. C. Echlin, J. S. Courtney, E. A. Howard, J. A. Kelly, H. Kitz, A. G. Molander, W. T. Berthelet, D. O'Conner, J. W. Frain, W. Taylor, F. Fischel, F. M. Moroney, A. H. Chirhart, T. McGrath, J. J. McGrath, E. S. Chirhart, H. J. Ackerman, C. Metz, J. McGrath, L. J. Young, E. B. Baggard, W. J. Miller, M. E. Devitt, J. W. Kent, W. Rea, J. E. Chaves, E. McGrath.

Class Honors.

[In the following list are given the names of those who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

PREPARATORY COURSE.

G. De Haven, P. Hoffman, A. Mendel, F. Kengel, A. Browne, W. Mahon, C. Tinley, L. Gilbert, A. Dick, H. Sells, J. Bennett, F. Morrison, F. Wheatley, J. Farrell, N. Nelson, F. Mattes, E. Cullinane, T. Hurley, F. Dorsel, F. O'Kane, C. Brinkman, J. Fendrick, R. Fleming, J. M. Kelly, A. Jackson, W. Cavanaugh, C. Murdock, S. Murdock, N. Weney, W. Cleary, A. Bodine, J. Wilder, J. Heffernan, J. Martin, W. Barron, C. Kollars, L. O'Donnell, J. O'Reilly, J. Solon, E. Piper, L. Mathers, E. Taggart, A. T. Moran, A. Korty, W. Schofield, M. Eaton, H. Morse, J. Smith, A. Dennis, E. Gaines.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

C. C. Echlin, D. G. Taylor, E. A. Howard, W. F. Hanavin, H. C. Snee, H. A. Kitz, J. S. Courtney, J. J. McGrath, W. M. Olds, D. O'Connor, W. T. Berthelet, A. Van Mourick, H. Metz, F. M. Moroney, W. Taylor, A. H. Chirhart, C. E. Droste, J. H. Dwenger, J. Ruppe, A. B. Bender, J. Bender, E. B. Bayard, E. S. Chirhart, W. J. Miller, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, C. Metz, L. J. Young, W. Rea, J. W. Kent, F. B. Farrelly.

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the course named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

PREPARATORY COURSE.

Reading and Orthography—A. Weisheart, W. Brown; Grammar—D. English, R. Leeburger, T. P. Byrne, E. Piper, J. Kelly, G. Hagan, H. Morse, B. Zekind, C. Schneider, J. Bennett, C. Kollars, H. Sells, F. Martin, L. Gibert, W. Mahon, A. Dick, F. Woerber, J. Heffernan, J. Devitt, E. Fischel, N. Nelson; Geography and History—H. Morse, A. Mendel, G. O'Kane, W. Barron, F. Wheatly, W. P. Mahon, J. Dennis, F. Smith; Arithmetic—C. Kollars, H. Sells, P. Hoffman, A. Korty, F. Garrity, F. Whorley, B. F. Smith, F. Godfroy; Penmanship—E. Munce, W. P. Mahon, J. Smith; Algebra—L. Mathers, E. Otis, P. W. Schofield, Joyce, C. Brinkman; Latin—R. M. Anderson, C. Brinkman, H. Rose, J. A. McIntyre, C. Thiele; Greek—N. H. Ewing, F. A. Quinn, N. Wene, W. Cleary.

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11 05 a.m., Mail, over Main Line, arrives at Toledo, 5 25 p.m.; Cleveland 10 10 p.m.; Buffalo, 4 a.m.

9 12 p.m., Atlantic Express, over Air Line. Arrives at Toledo 2 40 a.m.; Cleveland, 7 05 a.m.; Buffalo, 1 10 p.m.

12 16 p.m., Special New York Express, over Air Line; arrives at Toledo 5 40 p.m., Cleveland 10 10 p.m.; Buffalo 4 a.m.

6 21 p.m. Limited Express. Arrives at Toledo 10 35 p.m.; Cleveland, 1 45 a.m.; Buffalo, 7 25 a.m.

GOING WEST.

2 43 a.m., Toledo Express. Arrives at Laporte 3 35 a.m., Chicago 6 a.m.

5 05 a.m., Pacific Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 50 a.m., Chicago 8 20 a.m.

8 03 a.m., Accommodation. Arrives at Laporte 9 05 a.m.; Chesterton, 9 47 a.m.; Chicago, 11 30 a.m.

1 16 p.m., Special Michigan Express. Arrives at Laporte, 2 12 p.m.; Chesterton, 2 52 p.m.; Chicago 4 40 p.m.

4 50 p.m., Special Chicago Express. Arrives at Laporte 5 38; Chesterton, 6 15 p.m.; Chicago, 8 p.m.

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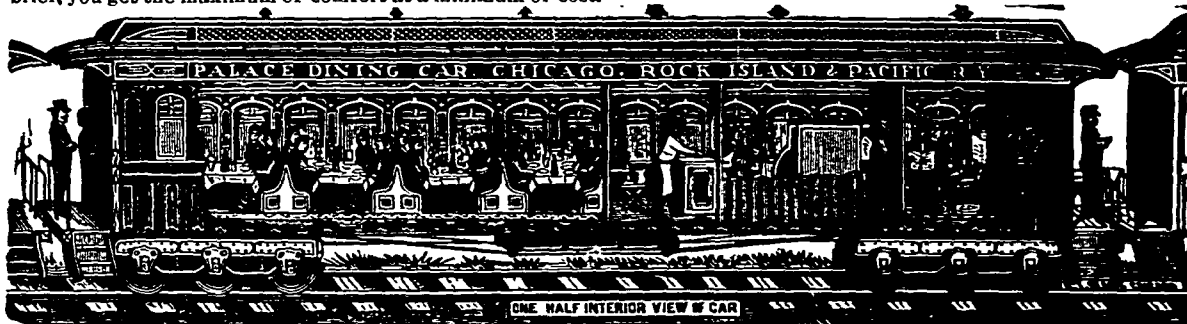
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Time Table—Nov. 16, 1879.

	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Kal. Accom.	†Atlantic Express.	†Night Express.
Lv. Chicago - - -	7 00 a. m.	9 00 a. m.	4 00 p. m.	5 15 p. m.	9 10 p. m.
" Mich. City - -	9 25 "	11 13 "	6 35 "	7 40 "	11 30 "
" Niles - - - -	10 45 "	12 15 p. m.	8 05 "	9 00 "	12 48 a. m.
" Kalamazoo - -	12 33 p. m.	1 40 "	9 50 "	10 28 "	2 28 "
" Jackson - - -	3 45 "	4 05 "		12 50 a. m.	5 00 "
Ar. Detroit - - -	6 48 "	6 30 "		3 35 "	8 00 "
	*Mail	*Day Express.	*Jackson Express.	†Pacific Express	†Even'g Express.
Lv. Detroit - - -	7 00 a. m.	9 35 a. m.	5 55 p. m.	9 50 p. m.	8 10 p. m.
" Jackson - - -	10 20 "	12 15 p. m.		12 45 a. m.	1 15 "
" Kalamazoo - -	1 15 p. m.	2 37 "	4 50 a. m.	2 43 "	1 38 a. m.
" Niles - - - -	3 05 "	4 07 "	6 50 "	4 15 "	3 30 "
" Mich. City - -	4 30 "	5 20 "	8 08 "	5 30 "	4 55 "
Ar. Chicago - - -	6 50 "	7 40 "	10 35 "	8 00 "	7 30 "

Niles and South Bend Division.

*GOING NORTH.		*GOING SOUTH.	
Lv. So. Bend—	8 45 a. m. 6 30 p. m.	Lv. Niles—	7 05 a. m. 4 15 p. m.
" N. Dame—	8 52 " 6 38 "	" N. Dame—	7 40 " 4 48 "
Ar. Niles—	9 25 " 7 15 "	Ar. So. Bend—	7 45 " 4 55 "

*Sunday excepted. †Daily. †Saturday and Sunday excepted.

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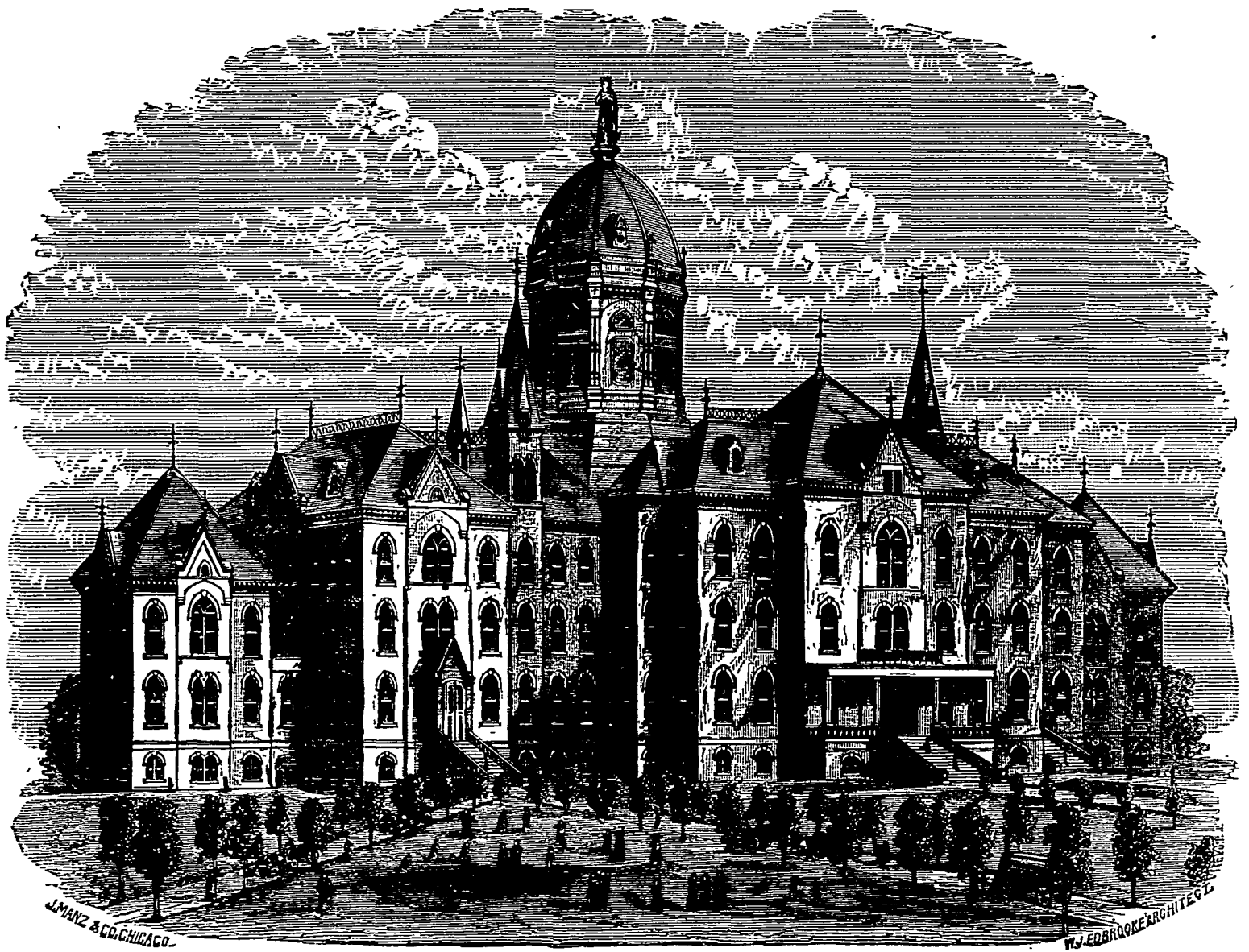
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